THE
Snotty-Nose Gazette:
OR,
COUGHING INTELLIGENCE.

Monday, November 24. 1679.

IN this Communicative Age, when men are willing to impart any thing but what is good, and ſpare neither Pains nor Coffee to ſweep together into a Half Sheet of Intelligence the Traſh of all mens Talk; I could do no leſs (having ſo good Authority to credit my Relations) than to give the Publick a ſhort Account of ſome late Tranſactions, of the Truth whereof no man that will lay his Hand on his Breſt, and ſpeak as he thinks, I am ſure can doubt. I fiſh'd not for my Intelligence in the great Pond or Puddle of News, the Coffee Houſe; nor did I fetch a Turn upon the Walks of the Exchange to liſten and overhear; but being lately at an honeſt Hot-Ale Club, I met with ſome diſcreet and knowing Men, to be diſtinguiſhed by a Linnen Collar, which over a little Band they wear about the Neck, to Guard the Throat, and Grace the Looks, and are ſo wary in their Conduct, that in miſty and troubled Weather (ſuch as it was when the matters I am about to treat of happen'd) they ſhift for themſelves as well, and keep the uſe of their Tongues as long as any. Theſe men aſſured me they had been in an Engagement; and gave a true Relation of this following Expedition.

About a Fortnight ago General *Snotty-Noſe Rheuma*, a Vaſſal of the Great *Cham* of the North East Paſſage, and Commander in chief of his Flying Armies, after the Campaigne was ended, marched with a *Camp Volant* on deſign to ſurprize *Breaſt*, which is a conſiderable place in the *Iſle of Man*, and under the Dominion of Prince *Ones Self*. He order'd Collonel *Cold Miſt*, ſeconded by Captain *Cranny Puff*, to make the firſt Approaches, and about Break of day his Army was Encamped, the place blocked up, and Lines finiſhed. The General took his Head Quarters in the *Brain*, which is a good large round Town, fortified with ſtrong Walls, and ſeated on a little Hill that commands into *Breſt*. The Count of *Catarrhe*, and the Marqueſs of *Fluxion*, encamped in the Arms and Legs, two large Villages not far from *Breaſt*. The Army thus diſpoſed, *Rheuma* ſent the Marqueſs of *Pituit* to view the place; who made report, that it might be eaſily battered on the ſide of the Lungs, which are too great, but weak baſtions: Whereupon he immediately cauſed a battery to be raiſed, and planted thereon three Peeces of Cannon only, and no more; to wit, *Spitting-Cough*, which is a great Gun, carrying forty Pound weight of *Phlegm*, *Hickock*, and *Side-ſtich*, two ſmall Field-peeces, that without intermiſſion play from the break of day 'till night. Sir *Charles Heart* the Mayor of *Breaſt*, was not in the leaſt diſmay'd; but ſo ſoon as the Count of *Catarrhe* began to buſtle, Alderman *Liver*, a ſanguine brisk blade, took the Alarm hot, and reſolved to make a Sally. To this purpoſe Captain *Launcet*, with his Lieutenant Mr. *Jeremy Let-blood*, were commanded to fall upon the Quarter of *Fluxion*, which they did with great Courage, ruſhing bloodily out of the place; and having done ſo, made a glorious and ſeaſonable retreat, and within an hour after appeared in view of the *Lines*.

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This bold Action having weakened the Forces of the Marquess, the Duke of *Warm-broth*, with a light and nimble Army, resolved to fight, or force the Enemies Trenches, that he might put a Convoy of Provision into the place: For that end he himself advanced in the Van, gave the Command of the main Body to the Viscount *New-laid Eggs*, and the Rere to the Lord *Barley-Water*. *Warm-Broth* perceiving that *Rheuma* would by no means come out of his Trenches, broke desperately in upon him, and cut his way through: *New-laid Eggs* followed, and *Barley-Water* at length brought a considerable Succour and Relief to the place. Four Flegmatic Spies were taken in *Breast*, and being put to the Rack, were immediately thrown over the Walls. They learnt from them that *Rheuma* was the Bastard-Son of one *Rheumatism*, and that he was resolved to dye before the place, or to carry it; but that if the Count of *Catarrhe*, and the Marquess of *Fluxion*, could be gained, he would be constrained to raise the Siege. For this end Collonel *Licorice* under disguise, was sent to treat with the Count and Marquess in their Quarters, and they by his mediation remitted a little of their fury; afterward the Corporal *Lozenges*, clad in Muscadine, was sent upon the same design, and both without being known, acquitted themselves prudently of their Commissions; but the battery still playing upon the place, the besieged resolved to put it to a fair Tryal, and either lose or win all, by making use of the Invention of a famous Engineer, called *Don Francisco Natura*, who offered to drown the Enemies Camp, and by transpiration through the Pores, as by a kind of Sweat, force so great a quantity of Cerosities out of the *Brain*, *Breast*, *Arms*, *Legs*, and other neighbouring Places and Villages, that most part of the Enemy should be overwhelmed thereby: The Engineer was set to work, and succeeded so well, that in a short time the whole Country was overflowed; in which great disorder, the Count and Marquess perished in the Waters. General *Rheuma* had suffered under the same Destiny, had not his Quarters been in the highest place of the Camp, where he stood his Ground, and obstinately maintained his Post. The besieged perceiving that he would by no means decamp, resolved to take another course, and make a Mine in a little Valley called *Fundament*, where the Back-Gate of a small Village named *Ventricle* opens, in the which the General had placed the Magazine of all his Provisions and Ammunition: This being done, *Laxative*, a Lieutenant of Granadeers, conducted by *Clyster*, a Corporal of the Pioneers, creeps into the Mine through a great many winding and turning ways strangely entangled together, in search of the Enemy; but whil'st he was thus busied in ferreting to surprise him, a fierce Soldier called *Gripes*, sprung the Mine, and all of a sudden *Laxative* and *Clyster* came flying out with a blast, being surprised, and unable to make any other retreat. With them came likewise fifty Barrels of Phlegm, forty Bushels of Pituit, two Hogsheads of Choler, two Casks of Melancholy, and four hundred thousand Pound weight of Crudities. The next Morning General *Snotty-Nose Rheuma* raised the Siege, the Inhabitants of *Breast* being much weakened by the passed Troubles, rejoyced with their Friends. *Warm-broth*, *New-laid Eggs*, and *Barley-Water*, repaired the Ruins of the Bastions that the Enemies battery had made, and especially about their Neck. In fine, eight days rest, and the care of Prince *Ones-self*, restored *Breast* to a better state than it was in before the Siege. I am told since that General *Rheuma*, and Collonel *Cold mist*, had joyned the *Infanta Apoplexie*, and intend a cruel War against the Count of *Catarrhe*. If any be curious to hear of the success of that Enterprise, let them but give me a friendly and timely Advertisement in the *Domestic Intelligence*, and I shall make a little business of it to procure them satisfaction.

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